

# Goldfish at \$1000 Apiece

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

**F**RANKLIN BARRETT of Philadelphia is probably the largest and most successful goldfisher in the United States. He started raising goldfish in a bowl in his bay-window, as a side line to spinning silk cord in a factory. Now he has a huge glass extension going up at the rear of his stone aquarium house, and his annual output is worth \$25,000.

Goldfish raising, Mr. Barrett maintains, is an ideal fad for the amateur. It calls for care, but it has big rewards, both in money and in pleasure. In the spring breeding season the fish must be watched most carefully and match-making among the proper varieties attended to. For instance, you start with the ordinary carp (or, at least, some Chinaman did). You catch all the albinos and inbreed them till you get the particular shade of red scale that we insist on calling gold. Then you notice whether any of them have queer tails, and stomachs like a theatrical manager, or no back fins and a head like a pug dog, or just pop eyes. If they have, then you've got the beginnings of a Ryukin or Fantail, a Ranchu or Lion-Head, a Demekin or Telescope, instead of a plain ornery goldfish called a Wakin.

When the eggs hatch, after attaching themselves to certain water plants with which the aquariums must be provided, the first thing is to see that the father and



*This languid beastie with the ingénue eyes is entitled a ribbon-tail calico telescope Demekin, obtainable in white, black, blue, or red.*



*This is a hooded fantail variety of oranda—naturally, since its mama was a Ryukin and its papa a Ranchu.*

children themselves must be provided with several million daphnæ, or minute water crustaceans. Later they graduate into the meat-eating class, and indulge in some special food, such as amerjap, which Mr. Barrett makes out of dried bullock's blood, beef, cereals, salts, a little lime, and desiccated shrimp.

From June till November Mr. Barrett has thousands of little goldfish, with all possible varieties of tails, scales, colors, and heads, in his dozen outdoor tanks.

## The Rarest Goldfish Is Blue

**I**N one particular pool he is busy breeding the rarest of colors into his goldfish—blue. The process, roughly, is to mate the scaleless fish that he has produced with a scaled variety that has spotted or calico markings. The sun does the rest. This year is to see his greatest triumph as a breeder, the production of something far more wonderful than his Human-Headed Ranchu,—the goldfish that is worth a thousand dollars.

"Here it is," says Mr. Barrett, as he brings up a gray blob of a wiggler from the bottom of the pool. "This fish will turn blue in six months. At the end of the third year it will grow a hood like its daddy. And then I'll have the first Scaleless Blue Lion-Head."

That it will be "some goldfish" you may judge from a glimpse of King Bul-bul as he wabbles through the water of his hot-

house pool more or less head downward. Swimming near here are a few a little like him, some with the lion head or hood, some with the pudgy body, some with a silver or copper sheen as wonderful as his gold. For there is none with just his luster, his corpulence, and his perfectly marvelous head. When you hold him in your hand you feel "cheeks" that are just like the smoothest flesh; and when you look into his blinking little eyes you are face to face with the forehead, chin, and cheeks of a ridiculous little cherub. King Bul-bul is five years old now. He has only half a dozen peers in the United States, and he's worth a thousand dollars.

## The Fish that Walks by Himself

**T**HE walking-fish is one of the many odd varieties outside the goldfish family which Franklin Barrett has acquired. He calls this one Billie Bounce. Billie's front fins are so strong that he can support himself in an upright or normal position when tossed upon the ground. His gills stay open instead of collapsing when dry, as with all other fish, and he is thus enabled to breathe well enough to maintain life until he can flop himself into another pool of water. Before Mr. Barrett knew of all of Billie Bounce's habits, he left him in an uncovered tank, and came into the aquarium building one morning to find Billie's pool vacant and the fish itself down cellar. In his native Indian

clime, Billy conveys himself to a fresh pool when his previous habitat dries up. Billie is already a movie star.

Who buys these things? Well, Mr. Barrett is a wholesaler mostly. He sells to dealers, who sell, in turn, to private collectors and to ladies who want a real touch of color against their futurist wall-paper. Men like Barrett, and some of the smaller dealers, do a thriving business with the commoner brands in stocking large estates. In the day-time millionaires like to think about ponds full of living gold, and at night they rest tranquil in the faith that there is nothing like a *Carassius auratus* for devouring mosquitos.

The consequence, of course, is the high cost of goldfish. Eggs, which may or may not hatch and which may or may not conceal a Lion-Head, bring from ten to fifteen dollars a thousand. The ordinary red goldfish, ranging from the size that Willie keeps in his bowl to ten inches in length, brings a paltry \$2 at its best. But most of those new gray jellies out in the tanks are worth from \$35 to \$50 right now. And if one of them displays even so much as a speck of blue on his tail, up goes his price to a hundred dollars. Give them a chance to get their growth, and the sky is the limit.

Of course, Mr. Barrett is very respect-



*When the water in one pond dries up the little walking-fish does not complain. He just hoists his back fringe and does the fish walk to the next pond.*

the mother fish, and for the matter of that all elderly relatives, are rigidly segregated from the young hopefuls. For, if there is one thing that a goldfish likes in the way of food, it's a juicy little offspring. The



*Mr. Barrett made it; therefore let it pass for a fish. You can have a little human-headed Ranchu in your bowl for \$1000, cash down.*

ful about the matter, and not at all inclined to boom home industry. But he just can't help giving the impression that a man who builds a chicken coop as a first aid to fortune is an unenlightened piker.

# A Business You Can Start for \$200

**T**HE demand for the trained business woman is far in excess of the supply, and no profession offers a better and more pleasant opening for the woman who has the ambition, courage, and self-reliance to start a business than the public stenographic. But the successful business woman who would compete in this popular vocation must bring to the undertaking all her executive ability, tact, and determination to succeed, backed by some capital, to obtain financial returns.

After many years' experience as a stenographer, during which I had climbed to positions of trust, drawing good salaries, I realized that there was wanting the further promotion and independence to which I aspired—attainable only in a business of my own. When ambition enters into one's calculation, failure is weakened. I was ambitious enough to want to branch out on my own account.

To the average would-be public stenographer, an important consideration is the amount of capital necessary to equip an office. This does not require a large outlay, for a better and more complete office outfit can be added after the



*Executive ability, tact, determination, and a little capital go far toward putting your own name on your office door.*

business has begun to grow and its success is apparent.

With a small sum I had accumulated, I looked around for a suitable location, and leased an office in one of the largest skyscrapers in Birmingham, Alabama, paying one month's rent, \$12.50, in advance. I bought a six-by-nine rug for \$8. For

\$22.50 I secured, second-hand, a \$50 oak desk which had been used very little. I then purchased a brand-new typewriter for \$105, on terms, and several boxes of stationery, envelopes, etc., which averaged about \$3. For two straight-back oak chairs, a small book-case, desk-chair, and an oak hat-rack—which I was fortunate

enough to get from a man going out of business—I paid \$16. The installation of electric lights and a telephone cost \$8.50. On the door I had my name done in good style, costing \$1.50. This reminded me that I would need business cards, so I had some made showing only my name, business, and address; but the printing and the texture of the card were good.

To put my business before the public was the first and hardest step. To do this I not only had to solicit friends, but to go among strangers. Any business is hard to begin, but work is a powerful lever in the face of obstacles and disappointments, and perseverance will triumph. Starting in the building in which I was located, I left one of my cards in each office.

At the end of the first year I had worked up a pretty good stenographic business. It has grown yearly, and, while I have had to work hard to attain my success,—and although many annoyances and discouragements are interwoven in the warp and woof of the every-day business life,—I have never regretted opening my public stenographic office.

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